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A Holiday Dream.

THE year was dying with a shuddering moan
(As bookmen say); the night was bitter—raw;
And from the pallid, cloud-veiled moon was thrown
A sombre radiance over old Nassau
That crowned her towers with majestic awe,
Mournful and weird. No longer clad in green,
She seemed old Learning's bride so "blithe and braw;"
Nay, rather looked she his deserted queen,
For in one room alone the midnight lamp was seen.

For now the term had labored to its close,
And every room was empty, save that where
Beside a fire, forgetful of his woes,
A student sat within an easy chair
Whose cushioned arms were much the worse for wear.
He laid his books aside—for these he deemed
His constant foes—and with them every care;
And, musing, gazed into the flame that seemed
A ruddy, mocking sprite, and as he gazed he dreamed.

Behold! the narrow chamber where he sat
Was now transformed into a spacious hall,
Whose sides were gold; an antique Persian mat
Concealed the floor; white pillars, fair and tall,

Upheld the mirrored roof; the burnished wall
 Was hung with lights; upon a table, old
 And quainly carved, there lay a silver ball,
 Gleaming and great; and near, with shaft of gold,
 A lustrous diamond pen, of preciousness untold.

Amazed he stood, till, entering at a door
 That wafted in an incense-laden air,
 A maid whose like was never seen before,
 With starry eyes and aureoléd hair,
 Came gliding in. With graceful gesture rare
 She bade him sit, and then with sweetest voice
 Thus spoke: "Oh, being blest beyond compare
 Of mortal men, I say to thee, rejoice!
 Of Christmas gifts before thee, freely take thy choice."

Irresolute he gazed at both; the pen
 Was marvelously wrought—it's spotless hue
 Would strongly tempt the very best of men;
 The precious ball, too, glistened like the dew
 Beneath an Alpine sun, and like it, too,
 Glassed scenes of might and glory. To and fro,
 Perplexed, he paced, then said: "Fair maid, my view
 Is pleased by both, I cannot tell thee no,—
 I choose the jeweled pen, be it for weal or woe."

"Well hast thou said!" the radiant maiden cried;
 "Learn now the mystic meaning of this hall:
 I o'er the destinies of men preside;
 Whoever takes the gleaming silver ball
 Shall in amassing riches outstrip all;
 But he that takes the pen of diamond clear
 Shall never subject be to Error's thrall;
 The minds of men he, in a higher sphere,
 Shall quicken, charm, refine, uplift, enlighten, cheer.

"By this thou art allied to every great
 Discoverer in the mighty realm of thought;
 All wealth will perish, pleasure satiate,
 And everything that low desire hath wrought
 Will pass away. This gift to thee, unsought,
 Remains for aye." She vanished in the night.
 The hall, the ball, the pen, dissolved to naught.
 He woke; his fire was out; the morning light
 Vied with his smoking lamp, oh dreamer's sorry plight!

The Crocus.

CROCUS, thou art Spring's bravest pioneer!
Coming to deck the yet snow-mantled bosom
Of Mother Earth, and earliest appear
Thy flowers in purple, white and yellow blossom.

While other flowers within their wint'ry bed
Still dream of Summer days, loath to uncover
Their "sleeping fragrance" to the cold, thy head
Peeps forth, Spring's earliest beauties to discover.

Welcome thou art as "Earth-awakening morn,"
Announcing death of Winter's dark misfeature,
And harbinger of golden Summer, born
Of Spring's sweet harmonies and gentle nature.

The University Tendency in College Education.

THE fundamental idea of a College is, as we understand it, "culture for culture's sake." It is not, as the old traditional idea supposes, an institution whose aim is to immediately train scholars for some practical sphere of activity, or directly qualify them for special research as scientists, but to develop and shape the several powers of the mind, to produce an intellectual symmetry.

What, now, is the true University? Is it a continuation, on a higher plane of this *general* culture of the College? Evidently not. It is a place where the cultured student concentrates his disciplined powers in preparing himself for some special intellectual pursuit—education turned to utility. The purpose is by specializing to bring one's faculties to a focus on some particular branch, and by contracting to sharpen and intensify. This is the underlying principle and University character.

In speaking of the tendency of American Colleges to assume the character of Universities, we refer to a natural and indelible disposition to adopt, in certain parts of the College course, the University specializing character. Elective studies of a more or less technical cast are introduced. This tendency is further felt in the narrowing down to detailed study and minute investigation certain studies of the course. Let us take an example, Chemistry for instance. May we not inquire if the student's object in College should not be to obtain a thorough knowledge of *general* Chemistry, as giving that insight into the constitution and properties of matter which will help him to understand the laws of nature and man as a part of nature, rather than *his* chemical course here be merely a technological preparation—an immediate part of his special education.

This tendency of the College follows the law of demand and supply. The students demand that the College furnish them the means of making minute investigation of certain special branches. Their purpose is, as soon as possible, to bring their energy to bear directly on some future occupation, with a view of getting to the end of the journey in less time and with less labor. In this view of education as the best preparation for life there appear two fallacies. The one is in assuming that the most efficient preparation for a sphere of action is made by always remaining within that sphere, the other is in overlooking the fact that the highest utility in after-life consists in discharging, with a true devotion and marked ability, the responsibilities which devolve upon us in our relation to the State, the Church and our fellow-men, rather than merely in business interests. That both of these are fallacies we shall endeavor to prove by showing (1) that they constitute the narrowest view, the one of education, the other of life, and (2) that they do not prepare the man to grapple with whatever subject comes in his way, but (3) handicap him in life itself, and (4) confine him from the first to lower planes of usefulness.

These students, while pursuing technical studies in their devotion to utility, largely discard those which are especially adapted to mental training as though useless luxuries, or, at best, secondary in importance. Is this relation valid? No one contends but that balance of mind and broad judgment is the basis of well directed and successful action in life. Knowledge, simply as a bundle of facts, is not wisdom, and hence is neither vital nor formative.

On these grounds it certainly follows that, in proportion as the student prematurely discards general mental training and liberal culture, he lays his plans on a basis in itself not calculated to insure success.

Under what may seem a fair pretence of being prepared for a certain field of thought and action, he is confined from the first to the same round in which he is to walk all his life long. Inasmuch as all knowledge is intimately related, the man who views his profession from one side only, and not in its relations to the universal field of knowledge, has a comparatively narrow conception of his calling and is not fully prepared for mastering it.

In our every-day life questions are continually presenting themselves to be solved, and truth is to be searched out, in whatever path of human industry our course may lie. At many such times practical wisdom alone must needs decide, while a lack of it leads to serious error. Why is it that so many men become discontented with their occupation and go casting about from one thing to another and profit by none? Or, can any one tell why only one of every one hundred merchants attains financial success?

No one denies but that a great part of the practical benefit of a College course is to acquire that wisdom which alone gives the graduate a broad view of the world of knowledge and activities, which will enable him to make intelligent choice of the special field to which his tastes lead him and for which his personal qualities fit him. This universal wisdom can only be acquired by a course correspondingly

comprehensive. Demosthenes says: "It is impossible to acquire a great and cultivated mind while engaged in small employments; whatever the pursuits of man, such of necessity his mind." Hence it follows that, if our College course has been special and contracted, such is our mind, also our judgment; and we lack, in a considerable degree, balance of thought, and therefore practical wisdom.

Some writers, however, and, indeed, some of particular merit, incline to the view that the average High School graduate is sufficiently advanced in general knowledge to choose aright the best course for himself, and follow it out by the best method. This is a mistaken idea, we think. It is rather the foundation that is laid. How many High School graduates have had sufficient time to substantially develop their faculties, or enough experience to know what their special ones are? How many, rather, overawed by the success of a physician, the eloquence of a minister, or the sophistry of a politician, jump at the conclusion that these, "the three black graces," are sure roads to eminence, while they leave their own personal qualifications almost entirely unconsulted. This is why a majority of students on leaving their High School, eagerly apply for a position as teacher. On the other hand, the College graduate, by his superior training, perceives that the teacher is "born, not made;" that the moulding of young minds at a most critical period, requires the hand of one preordained to be a teacher, as well as one particularly educated for it, who delights to emancipate them from the slavery of sloth and set before them noble examples. The man of liberal education sees that such qualities belong to few people, and, if not so qualified himself, avoids the profession of pedagogics. This is attested by facts, for only a small percent. of the higher College graduates apply themselves to teaching.

With what success instruction is given on the strength of a High School education needs no sponsor.

So it is in the nature of things that, in virtue of having a deep insight into life, the prosperous divine events in their controlling principles, and thus read the future.

If, then, an enlightened judgment is our credentials of success, it may seem strange that so many students ignore the schemes for acquiring mental training, and are led to believe that utility consists in coursing about from first to last within the confines of their future employment. Certainly no one believes that such a method is the most expedient, nor does any student apply himself entirely with this intention. Many, though, are carried to an undue extreme in this direction,—some even so far as to take nothing besides a technological course at a University, while others narrow down their College course to serve nearly the same purpose.

Or, granted that general education is a most substantial basis, they say it is not expedient, as being too roundabout.

So, they fall back on the old hobby, "save time"—a tendency so thoroughly characteristic of the American people. In this case it is a heritage of the old idea that, to be a good merchant a lad must begin by sweeping out the store. This may be one road to success, but is seldom attained, and is always purely mercenary and limited. There is another, however, where the longest way round is the shortest way there.

The student, after leaving the common school, begins by successive steps to rise above ordinary life to higher planes. Suppose, now, that in the middle of his College course he centers his energies on mere details of investigation in the line of some future occupation. What is the result? He virtually launches forth into the activities of life on the same plane to which he has so far attained.

Suppose another continues to the end of his course in the aim of "culture for culture's sake," and then, by means of a University drill, supplements his intellectual training, and bridges over the chasm between the purely intellectual

and the corresponding grade of active life. Such a method insures him a place on the highest plane, and furnishes him a marked handicap in the world where "the race of life is becoming intense."

There is, however, a very numerous class of "self-made men," who have risen to eminence without a collegiate education. Some of these expected to find in their so-called "practical training for actual life" a road to success which would be a satisfactory argument for the uselessness of liberal education. On the other hand, not a few of these men have become painfully sensitive of the disadvantages under which they labor, and assiduously set about correcting them by private study. Experience has taught them a lesson, and they become the most generous supporters of higher learning as admirably adapted to prepare for professional and business life. This enlightened testimony to the value of liberal training, of which they feel the need, ought to be received as an unerring and convincing proof.

We have endeavored, so far, to show that the tendency to specialize during the College course is far from insuring a complete success, because based on fallacy. We have, however, necessarily viewed the subject from a standpoint more or less utilitarian and mercenary. This seems to be almost the only reward students have looked forward to in choosing a schooling, technical in the main, rather than a liberal education. This view of life is not cardinal; for true success is not venal: money-making is at best a secondary and indirect aim.

The prime office of liberal courses of study is not only to indirectly prepare the student for his profession as such, but to enable him "to know himself and the world," to give him a knowledge of the laws of nature, and help him to understand the capabilities and performances of the human spirit. Men who have thoroughly learned these lessons, will not only be assured of financial success, but will insensibly impart and diffuse the tone of a higher scholarship and usefulness among mankind. Fitting, then, the high

encomium: "Many-sided men, who, while intent upon their particular departments, are smit with the love of all knowledge and spiritual accomplishments, and so co-work together for the great purpose of building up human souls after a true and noble ideal, and who go forth into the world as ministers of truth and virtue, to adorn every profession, to labor in every sphere of duty, to sustain the State as majestic pillars, to carry forward every science with an earnest devotion, and to pour through every channel of society streams of influence to refresh, beautify and invigorate."

In conclusion, then, in view of the reasons we have endeavored to maintain, we should take care lest we seriously shorten our College course, or prematurely begin the University course, so that both partially fail in their appropriate results.

Full equipment and concentration are the keys to success; both are necessary, separate, and function one another. The College gives the one, the University gives the other.

True, this is an ideal, but one to which we, like an asymptote to a curve, may approach indefinitely near. It is an ideal, too, which the modern spirit is, more and more, casting about to realize, not as being a speculation of dreamy theorists on traditional systems of education, but because it is in accordance with the just and high demands of public life as tested by long experience and confirmed in the success of many generations.

Lyrics of Aristophanes.

SONG OF THE FROGS.

Frogs—"Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax!
Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax!
Children from the fountains springing,
From the marshy fountains bounding,
Let us flute our hymnal singing,
Chorus long and loud resounding;
For no charm our chanting lacks,
Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax!"

"Sweet our song 'ko-ax, ko-ax,' is,
 Which around Nysaeon Bacchus
 Chant we in the meadows oozy,
 When the crowd of people, boozy
 At the sacred Pot-Feast, drolly
 Stagger through our precincts holy,—
 Through our sacred marshy tracts,
 Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax!"

Dionysus (at the oar)—

"No matter if *my* back-bone cracks
 In keeping time to your 'ko-ax,'
 You won't stop. Your cursed clack 's"—

Frogs—"Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax!"

Dionysus—"Blast your hide of greenish specks,
 There's nothing in it but 'Brek-ek-ek-ex'!"

Frogs—"Rightly, too, oh meddling carper!
 Us the lyre-thrumming Muses
 Love, and hoofed Pan, who uses
 Reedy pipes, but most the harper
 Phœbus loves us, since we nourish
 Reeds that in our waters flourish
 Which do form his lyre-backs.
 Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax!"

Dionysus—"Your croakings do not ease my blisters,
 Stop, oh chatter-loving sisters!"

Frogs—"Nay, rather we will sing the more
 Our strains again reviving,
 For often from the sedgy shore
 By rush and duck-weed covered o'er,
 With songs we leap adiving;
 Or, in the depths, all huddled near,
 Zeus's rain-storm fleeing,
 We sit and warble, free from fear,
 Our choral songs, with voices clear,
 In harmony agreeing—
 While the bursting bubble cracks—
 Brek-ek-ek-ex, ko-ax, ko-ax!"

SONG OF THE CLOUDS.

Ye Clouds everlasting, arise
 With clear shining natures of dew!
 Come let us arise to the view
 From our old father Ocean, who lies—

Our rumbling-voiced father, who lies
 At the foot of the mountains which lift to the skies
 Their leafy-locked summits of blue.
 Come, rise to the summits of blue!

For thence we may clearly behold
 The watch-towers, seen from afar,
 Which guard from the ravage of war
 The corn-lands of ripening gold—
 The well-watered acres of gold
 Of Earth, our dear mother so sacredly old,
 The dearest of mothers that are—
 Divinest of mothers that are.

And thence we may look on the streams,
 The rivers that rushing roll
 To the far-sounding sea as their goal ;
 Arise, for already there beams—
 Upon us untiringly beams
 The eye of the *Aether* with glittering gleams ;
 Rise, cast the cloud-mask from the soul,
 Immortals in form and in soul.

ODE TO PEACE.

Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! oh goddess most admired ;
 Hail ! Hail ! Hail ! how welcome art thou here !
 With joy our hearts are fired
 That were so void of cheer
 When they so much desired
 Thee who dost now appear.
 Our souls were spent with longing, and mournful was our song
 In thinking of our pleasant fields that we had left so long.
 Oh goddess dear to peasants,
 We hail thy blessed presence,
 For thou alone hast aided us who live a country life ;
 With gladness we retain
 The memories of thy reign
 When field and fold and vineyard with plenteousness were rife,
 And ne'er was heard the rumor of want and wasting strife.
 With what shall I compare thee, oh dearest goddess Peace ?
 Thou art the blessings of our board, thou art our fields' increase ;
 Thou art the farmer's guardian, on whom his hopes are staid ;
 Protector of the husbandman, to whom he looks for aid.
 His little vines shall smile at thee,
 The trampled fig-tree leap to see,
 And every blooming plant and tree shall hail thee, dearest maid !

Song of the Argonauts.

WHO dares be our captain and steer our bark
 Out on the seas in the gloaming,
 When the waves of the Euxine are wild and dark?
 For their crests must be crossed in our roaming.

Our chief must be wise as Zeus on his throne,
 As daring and swift as Apollo;
 Who, who can be leader but Jason alone,
 Whom heroes and kings gladly follow?

For noble and wise are the crew of our boat,
 Princes, the flower of Hellas,
 Who know not the haven toward which we float,
 But drift as the stern Facts impel us.

For fated we are, and the winds vainly roar,
 And the Sirens in vain try to charm us;
 First of all mortals we steer for the shore,
 And dare all Olympus to harm us.

What is our cargo? Naught but good will,
 Brave hearts and true are a treasure;
 Adventurous hope will inspire, until
 Our danger is ended in pleasure.

Row, then, my comrades, and sing as we fly
 By Thrace and the Chersonesus;
 The Euxine is gained, and our hopes are high,
 Our hearts are strong, and the morning sky
 Is glorious with Golden Fleece!

A Dunker Delilah.

THE best form of communism is that which is found in those settlements where exist the common bonds of kinship, religion and industry, without that incentive to vice and idleness, a community of goods. Illustrations of this are the German religious bodies found scattered here and

there all over this country. Whether their home be among the mountains of Pennsylvania or on the plains of Kansas, these people are always contented and industrious. One of the largest and most interesting of these sects is the Dunker, a variety of German Baptists.

To them, less, perhaps, than to any other people upon the earth, apply the words of our Savior, "The poor always ye have with you," for all are frugal and industrious, and consequently prosperous. This equality is aided further by a law of the Church that all persons of the same sex shall dress alike. This prescribed uniform is an exaggerated caricature of the Quaker costume, ample in cut, and lavish in material; for the Dunkers have all that Teutonic fondness for quantity of dress which Irving so humorously describes in his *History of New York*.

By this sumptuary edict, the Dunker religion has established at one stroke that most difficult piece of legislation, a successful *Act of Uniformity*. There can be no discrimination between Dunkers in regard to size, for in the constituents of a man's volume, the amount of clothes is a constant and so large that the variable, the mass of the man *per se*, is insignificant in comparison. Accordingly all difference between commanding bulk and submissive smallness is done away with.

This similarity in dress and figure is supplemented by the universal costume of wearing the hair and beard long, and by a strikingly similar stolid physiognomy transmitted from a common Teutonic ancestry, and developed by a common diet of excellent beef-soup, bread and apple-butter.

The women are more pleasing in appearance; their Shaker bonnets and their triangular capes narrowing from the shoulders to a point at the waist, giving them a rather picturesque and slender figure.

The young girls are of that class described by the adjective "buxom," that is, they are comely maidens of that moderate degree of beauty which plump cheeks and a good

color always give. They, as their elders, look much alike, and the sojourner in a Dunker community soon learns to scan the face of each strange girl, not for any new style of beauty, but for the inspiration of health and good nature which is certain to be found there.

However, once in a while, in one of these rustic settlements, may be found a *rara avis*, a Dunker maiden of extraordinary beauty, that intoxicating loveliness of a true daughter of Mother Earth, fresh and full and free;

"Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter
Ere the god of torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide."

Such a girl was Hannah Brubecker, save that she was more a daughter of Eve than of Ceres. Her home was in a little valley in western Pennsylvania, and the date of her birth was written in the old German Bible, as "Aprile 1, 1830 A. C."

The fact that he alone of the Dunker householders was able to keep a written record of births and deaths, and that to him alone was the mystery of the letters, A. C., After Christ, revealed, rendered Mr. Brubecker far prouder than was consistent with Dunker simplicity, and this pride he had transmitted to his daughter.

Both rather despised the "common herd," whose literary attainments at the most went only so far as signing their names, and these, in turn, murmured at Brubecker's wickedness, and talked of turning him out of the church, for, as everybody knows, it was the apple of Knowledge which lost Eden to mankind. Thus it was that there was begun one of the many splits which have, in the last few years, separated the Dunker Church into two almost equal branches, the Orthodox and the Progressive, the former being of the staunch old Conservative opinion that the less a man knows the more certain he is of getting to heaven, and the latter being those wild Radicals who advocate the erection of those

pernicious institutions known as colleges, and who even hint at paying a regular preacher!

It was bad enough to pay a teacher they thought, and only those persons who were in downright need of charity ought to have that sinecural position. Accordingly, in her early school-days, Hannah's teacher had been "Humpy Royer," a farmer whose spine had been injured by a falling tree, and who was, therefore, unfit for physical work and must be supported. That this support might not come in the degrading form of charity, they made him school-teacher. He had advanced in his art to what might be called the Dunker's degree, that is, with respect to his acquaintance with the "three R's," he had got, in Reading, as far as Spelling; in 'Riting, as far as a kind of laborious printing, and in 'Rithmetic, as far as counting and adding. What further attainments were necessary?

One thing the grizzled old fellow certainly did not teach, yet somehow, in her early school days, Hannah had become wonderfully proficient in the art of coquetry. From the first, Samson Fudge, a sturdy Dunker lad, had fought himself into the position of her devoted cavalier, yet she played fast and loose with him most artfully.

He it was who knew where the most delicious 'sang and wild ginger and calamus roots were to be found, and who was always scouring the woods for some new rarity to bring to her. Sometimes the prize was a great sheet of the mucilaginous inner bark of the slippery elm, sometimes a necklace of buckeyes, or, again, a nest of helpless little flying squirrels. To her alone he revealed a secret vine-covered entrance into the hollow heart of a great sycamore, and there for her alone he spread wonderful repasts of berries and bumble-bee honey, which latter he had obtained, like his Hebrew prototype, at the cost of much bravery and exertion; and, doubtless, he would have dared a young lion for her sake as courageously as he did the spiteful bees.

When winter set in, however, and the spoils of the woodland were not forthcoming, then she scarcely noticed him, unless, perchance, he possessed the best board for coasting down the school-house hill. In such winters of her disfavor and his discontent, if his schoolmates would taunt him about her, his rage was uncontrollable, and he would turn upon his tormentors, and, like the mighty Danite, smite them "hip and thigh." Then, with returning summer, her favor beamed bright upon him, and he rejoiced over his mockers only to become the object of their scorn at the next winter.

Thus their lives passed on, she ever false and fickle, and he ever faithful and true, until they were of an age suitable for connecting themselves with the Church.

But Shrovetide comes before Lent, and before the young Dunkers formally and finally take their vows, they give themselves up to all sorts of amusements and gayety. For a time the girls appear in bright garments and gaudy jewelry, and then the black bonnet and the sombre gown shade their individuality and young beauty forever. It was at this period that Hannah Brubecker met Lysander Doolittle.

"Humpy Royer" had died and was buried with his fathers, and, by Mr. Brubecker's influence, his ferrule had passed into the hands of a Yankee schoolmaster, who, in that "desire for new things" so characteristic of his class, had drifted into the Dunkers' secluded valley.

This was Mr. Lysander Doolittle, a good-looking, good-natured, self-educated, and, consequently, self-conceited young man. He took boarding at Mr. Brubecker's, and was at once captivated by the wonderful beauty of Hannah. His admiration was akin to that with which a roamer of the woods discovers in a bed of wild geraniums, so uniform in their subdued coloring, one, by some freak of nature, dyed with all the brilliancy of its cousins of the town. She was passing through that gay period of a Dunker girl's life which I have before mentioned, and the bright colors which looked

so tawdry on other girls, were strikingly appropriate to her regal style of beauty.

She, in turn, was greatly pleased at having such a handsome escort to parties and dances. His attainments, so superior to hers, roused in her an ambition for more knowledge, and she re-entered school. Her example brought other young people of her age, and classes in heretofore unknown studies, Grammar and Algebra and Geography, were formed.

Foremost in all these classes, not so much by reason of superior intellect as by hard work, stood Samson Fudge. He was never cut out for a scholar; he was a farmer both by birth and inclination. Already he had joined the Church, and was only waiting for Hannah to lay aside her frivolity and say the word that should make him the happiest Dunker in the valley. He was already the richest, for his father's death had left him the owner of the largest farm in all that region.

Hannah really intended to marry him after she had "had her fling," and even after Doolittle had come upon the scene, the wealth of the farmer outweighed all the attractions of the schoolmaster. She never told Samson this, however, and the poor fellow went moping about in the sorrowful conviction that he had been jilted. He had outgrown the blind passion of his boyhood, and bravely faced the fact that nobody but himself was at fault, that Doolittle was in most things the better man, and Hannah could not be blamed for choosing the more cultured wooer. Therefore he manfully set about to gain an education for himself. Books were most distasteful to him, yet his was a determined nature, and he bent all his powers to his task.

In two winters he, by his determination, and Hannah, by her ambition and clearer mind, had learned all that Doolittle could teach, and that worthy, fearing that the shallowness of his attainments would be discovered, and having saved

up a little money, determined to hang out a lawyer's shingle in the neighboring county-seat.

This brought matters to a crisis. He proposed to Hannah, and, although he received no definite answer, got such encouragement as sent him away happy and hopeful.

Then Samson came to try his fate. He had outlived that distrust in himself which he had felt two years before, and, like every strong and healthy nature, was conscious of his true worth. In his inmost soul he could not help comparing, much to the latter's discredit, the solid grain of his own manliness with his rival's veneering of culture. Openly and earnestly he pled his cause, so much so, that Hannah, with her quick insight, was forced to acknowledge to herself that the better man was before her. Besides, she was proud of his reputation as a strong man, for already he was noted for his physical prowess, and known in the region as the "Dunker Samson."

But a higher ambition possessed her. She desired to be the wife of a professional man, and to gain some position in society. Doolittle was in that first rush of business which comes to every smart young lawyer. Chronic clients and criminal cases, which pay little, but make a wonderful show, gave him, for the time, quite a reputation as a "rising young man."

If Doolittle promised to become somebody, how much more could Fudge, richer, more determined, more of a man in every way, accomplish?

All this she told Fudge, and urged him to continue his studies; to go off to college, and return home a leader among men. Then she would proudly marry him, and follow him whithersoever Fame conducted. Who knew but that he would be elected to Congress? Nay (as many a girl has whispered to her lover), perhaps an even higher position awaited him, and she was destined to become the "first lady in the land."

He laughed at her schemes as "ambitious nonsense." "Come with me," he said; "what can be happier than a farmer's life? I will refit the old house, and we can live in love and peace and plenty to the end of our days." His laughter only angered her, and she turned on her heel and left him, saying curtly, "I will never marry a farmer."

Samson knew better than to try to change her determination. There was no one to restrain him, and he loved her better than his chosen life of a farmer, so, gaining a promise that she would wait for him, he left for an eastern university. The obstacles in his way seemed almost insurmountable. The languages were entirely unknown to him. In mathematics, however, he was on more of an equality, while in the field new to all the class, that of the natural sciences, his inclination and the powers of observation developed in his free boyhood days, rendered him *facile princeps*.

Heavily conditioned, forced to study night and day to retain an honorable place in his class, his life would have been most miserable had it not been for the thought of the blessed reward to come at the end of his Olympiad of toil.

The hardest thing to bear, however, was the scorn of his fellow-students. Because he had refused to enlist his magnificent physical powers in the cause of college athletics, and because he took no interest in class affairs, they cut him, or noticed him only with contempt. He was older than the most of them, of a different order of society, and without tact to win their sympathies in spite of circumstances. How often he exclaimed, as one of their bitter flings came to his ear, "Oh, if they only knew that I was 'slaving for Hannah' instead of 'polling for grade!'"

With him Hannah's word was all powerful. Her advice did what even Sophomoric ridicule could not accomplish; it made him shear his long hair, don a hat less umbrageous than his old one, and exchange his suit for one whose tightness of fit and lightness of material, compared with his Dunker costume, made him go about feeling most uncom-

fortably ashamed of himself as almost immodestly arranged. Senior year was drawing to its close, and, as first honor-man of the Class of 185—, and professor-elect of a Western State University, he was eagerly awaiting the day when he could lay himself and his honors at Hannah's feet. He feared no rival in her affections. Doolittle, already tired of his profession, had gone several years before with the "Argonauts of '49," to the gold fields of California, and Samson never knew that Hannah had given the young adventurer the same conditional promise that he himself had received; that is, that she would marry him in the event of success.

Samson himself had never been attacked with the gold fever; for an idea had been running through his head, given him by his favorite study, geology, that down under his farm he possessed treasure enough to make the most successful Californian turn green with envy. Thus, ignorant of Hannah's duplicity and sanguine of professional and financial success, he was impatiently watching Commencement draw near.

One little cloud alone dimmed his bright prospects. A strange and unaccountable weakness occasionally came over his eyes and through his frame. Ah, the perfect health and great strength which he possessed on entering college had not been able to stand the terrible strain of his four year's incessant toil! Of this, however, he remained happily ignorant. "It's only a temporary weakness," he said; "a sight of Hannah's face, a whiff of the mountain breezes, and a taste of good Dunker victuals, will soon set me up again."

In the midst of these happy expectations came the blow that crushed him.

Immediately following one of Hannah's kindest letters came the news that she had gone to the West, there to become the wife of Lysander Doolittle. That gold-hunter had written her that he had "struck it rich," and would meet her at St. Louis, where they would have a grand wed-

ding, and whence they would return to his home in San Francisco.

Immediately, despite the upbraidings of her conscience and the entreaties of her parents, she left for the West.

Samson Fudge came home, as he thought, to die; but his Dunker constitution was too pitilessly strong. For a year or so he wandered among the scenes of his happy childhood, mourning that his dimmed sight had robbed him of their beauties, and that his wrecked frame would never again give him that intimacy with them which his young strength had gained in the happy days gone by. But a man cannot live forever in the past; and with returning strength, he took up his favoritie study and proceeded to verify that secret theory of his, that vast quantities of the newly discovered oil, petroleum, lay hidden under the whole of his native valley.

His theory was correct, and in a few months the papers were carrying the news of his success and exaggerated reports of his wealth to all parts of the world. Hannah Doolittle read them in San Francisco, and bitterly lamented her folly in jilting the "oil-prince" Fudge and choosing Doolittle, the gambler. She had married a rich man in St. Louis, but when they reached San Francisco his claim was played out. With the capital still left him, he had embarked in one enterprise after another, losing money in all, until he finally landed in gambling.

For a time Hannah had her heart's desire. She was the reigning beauty of San Francisco. But if there was ever a place in this world where a beautiful woman needed to be, like Caesar's wife, above suspicion, it was in San Francisco before the war; and Hannah Doolittle, with her ambition for conquest, was not above suspicion. Whether by true report or by jealous scandal, the loss of her reputation followed close upon the report that her husband was a common gambler, and their social overthrow was completed.

Then her husband was shot by a man whom he had cheated, and sickness seized her and wasted what money he had left her, and what beauty remained after her trials and troubles. Ah, bitterly then she thought of her disappointed ambition and of the happiness and peace of her childhood's home! As she remembered the strong love of Samson Fudge, a feeling of genuine remorse swept over her, for, in her weak way, she had really loved him, and to him alone her heart turned in her hour of distress. She knew her father's nature too well to attempt to change his anger. To Samson alone could she appeal. Perhaps, despite her falsehood and his wrongs, he might bring her back, and in an eastern metropolis, with the continent between her and her misery and shame, she might again reign as a queen in society.

So, in her extremity, casting all her hope on one desperate venture, she wrote a pleading letter to the man who, of all others in the world, had the most cause to curse her. In it she told him of her misery and her penitence, and ended by saying:

“Forgiveness, I cannot hope, yet by the memory of the old love you bore me, come, oh come and take me home!”

Samson answered, “I am coming,” and swift almost as the pony express which bore his missive, was by her side. As she looked on his bowed form and haggard visage, she cried with true remorse and pity: “Oh Samson, Samson, how has the strength of your youth departed! If I could only make amends!” But Samson, whose heart's bitter memories were stirred to their depths by her cry and to whom her words seemed as false as the blandishments of a harlot, answered, his hollow voice, like that of an accusing prophet of old, sounding forth in Scriptural diction: “Yes, I am Samson and thou art Delilah. For thee I laid aside, with my long hair, happiness and peace, the birthrights of my religion. For thee I wasted my strength in the prison mill of the Philistines, to become their mock and derision, and

they have well nigh lost me my eyes. Blinded, broken and dying, what is there in me that thou shouldst desire, Delilah ? My riches are thine, as they ever have been, but my love has gone forever ! ”

It happened as he said. The long and hard journey had been too much for his enfeebled frame to bear, and he died on the third morning after his arrival. She inherited all his wealth by an old will, dated at the time of her perfidy and his great illness, which then he thought mortal. But riches could not satisfy her; from city to city she roamed in search of that recognition in society which still remained her ambition, yet everywhere the scandal of her western life followed her. It drove her at last back to the more tolerable contempt of the country, and there, in her old home, lonesome and miserable, and aged before her time, lives that imbibited woman who was once the beauty and the favorite of all the valley, Hannah Brubecker.

The Rose.

WHEN driven from fair Eden's gates,
Our ancient parents sadly went
Down through the gorgeous walks of flowers,
To them by bounteous heaven sent,
While hurried on, Eve seized a flower
In memory of days gone by;
Then clashed the crystal gates behind,
And shut them out to flee or die.
Both silent stood with heavy hearts,
When sudden thought she to unclose
Her hand and see what flower she held—
There lay a modest dew-tipped rose.
Oh, blushing bloom, the one flower saved
Of those that came from out the skies
To ancient man ! O blest art thou
Sweet memory of Paradise !

A Paraphrase.

FROM MUSSET.

AND dost thou ask who then am I,
 That, like a shadow, follow thee
 Arrayed in dark obscurity?

Who, coming at thine every sigh,
 Sit by thee in a brother's place,
 And counterfeit a brother's face?

I saw Fate, with a mocking laugh,
 The cup of unrequited love
 Hold out to thee. Thy lips above
 Its brim, I saw thee pause, then quaff
 Its bitter dregs; thine agony
 I watched with silent sympathy.

When bonds of filial love were snapped
 By Death's cold clutch, I mourned with thee;
 When friends forsook, and Poverty
 A pall about thy being wrapped,
 Whene'er thy heart was wrung with grief,
 I was thy refuge, thy relief.

Thy father, friend, was mine, yet I
 Am neither angel, guardian
 Nor evil destiny of man.

My friends I love, yet know not why,
 Nor care to know; enough for me
 To love,—the rest is mystery.

No demon I, nor yet divine,
 Thy brother am I, and, until
 Thy days their latest end fulfill,
 I'll follow thee, nor then resign
 My charge, but, silent and alone,
 I'll sit upon thy grave's cold stone.

To me entrusted is thy heart,
 A charge from heaven; when distressed,
 Then come to me in thine unrest,
 And I will soothe thy sorrow's smart,
 Will ease thy pain, and calm thy breast,
 And give thy troubled spirit rest.

Thus ever at thy call I stand,
 Companion of each mournful mood,
 And, though I may not touch thy hand,
 Man, thy friend is—Solitude!

Voices.

Gymnasium Exhibitions.

DURING the last year the interest taken in gymnasium exhibitions has waned perceptibly. This apathy was marked throughout the winter term of last year, and continued to develop to such an extent that it was found impossible to have either the May contest or June exhibition. Thus, one of our chief incentives for gymnastic exercise has been lost, and the Commencement deprived of one of its most time-honored and enjoyable features. This apathy was due, no doubt, to many causes, prominent among which was the lack of sympathy with which the students received instruction under an entirely new system, and which developed them in none of those branches of gymnastics which could be presented in these exhibitions. Now, while this more fancy portion of the gymnasium work should not form the only instruction, still it should have its collateral place by the side of the class drill, in order that the gymnasium practice may be made as attractive as possible, and these exhibitions maintained. Neither is it sufficient that the instructor, when especially solicited, should give instruction in this department of the work, but he should mark the men who manifest ability and seek to bring them out and train them for these contests.

This work also calls for a change in the rules of the gymnasium, which allow at present no general exercise during the noon hour; for it is not only impossible, but dangerous to try any skillful work in the way of tumbling and on the trapeze by gas-light. If these blemishes in the present system of gymnasium instruction are remedied, the gymnasium will become more efficient and more attractive to the College.

at large, thus better filling its function in the College training. Now is the time, too, when the gymnasium work should be done, and great spirit and enthusiasm should characterize it; for during this term all the muscle and skill must be developed which are required to present creditable exhibitions in the spring and in June. It becomes the duty, therefore, of every student to enter into gymnasium practice during this term, not only for his own personal good, but also that these exhibitions may not go by default another year, and thus this peculiar feature of the Princeton Commencement be lost forever. It is, also, in turn, the duty of those who have these contests and exhibitions in charge to make them as attractive in the way of prizes and appointments as possible; for these contests stand in the same relation to our gymnastics as do the intercollegiate games to our other sports, and as these games are quite necessary to prevent the interest in the sports from flagging, so are these contests an absolute necessity to the awakening and maintaining of an interest in gymnasium practice.

J. P.

A Princeton Romance.

OUR American colleges are behind the English universities in two respects, at least. We have neither actual historical romances like those whose remembrance they enjoy, and which occurred *in situ*, nor in the after-life of the pupils do series of circumstances which have, or seem to have, a direct connection with the academic shades either arise or become known. The causes of such lack of what may be called the private history of college walls are multitudinous. Differing relations of society, a less advanced age in the students, a different system of government, parental, parochial and preparatory, which, while more lax in some respects, is far stricter in others; and, above all, a

practical age which condemns sentiment and romance, and wishes to hew down old and ruined, though picturesque, barns, so as to build greater and more useful ones, all tend to prevent the romantic side of a university career from appearing even now and then. That this is, however, to the advantage of the average collegian admits of no question. But from the traditional and historical point of view, it is rather to be regretted. Princeton has, perhaps, as much of this, public (from the revolutionary incidents connected with it) and private, as any institution; in fact, without boasting, probably more. Yet it, in common with its collegiate colleagues, either keeps to itself its secrets, or rather these die a natural death. Such ideas are very naturally suggested on a general plan by a specific instance which, happening away from here, would yet, in a graduate's history like that begun at Harvard, form an interesting episode. Lapse of time and the awakening interest in the old as well as the new have recently brought out once more this little story, which appeared in the historical account of the Gardiner family, published in the magazine of *American History*. Gardiner's Island, whose independent government and aristocratic methods have been one of the anomalies of our political system, is the scene. In the class of 1789 were two brothers, John Lyon and David Gardiner. The former inheriting his ancestral property, after graduation lived on it, leading the easy life of the English gentlemen, combined with the cultured one of the student and the business one of the wise manager. One night a storm arose. A gay picnic party were driven to seek the protection of the harbor in the island. Forced by the elements to tarry over night, they spent the evening in feast and dance. The next day the host and guests parted. But, as says the record, "One of the fair belles thus blown to his castle had stolen the young lord's heart." The latter, with the grandeur his wealth allowed him to use, and the ceremoniousness of the time, returned the visit. Then visit followed upon visit on his

part, and at last came the wedding. Such is the bare outline of the first chapter. The manners and customs of the day enable us to fill out the back-ground. The old mansion embowered in a lovely combination of sea and land, its stately master, the groaning board, the minuet, the host of attendants, and all the social paraphernalia required by the polished etiquette of the participants in the scenes. And all duplicated many times in the grand culmination, when the beautiful bride came, under more auspicious circumstances, the second time to the island castle. The second chapter is in the war of 1812, when, overrun by British and Americans in town, the same proprietor successfully resisted insult and intrusion of the part of the enemy, preserving his loyalty to the government, eluding arrest by feigning sickness, which saved his removal to the British ship. The story, pretty and suggestive, of this alumnus, though remote in time and place, is yet interesting as another link in the chain of history with regard to our graduates, especially where, as in this case, the subject was a man of prominence, either politically or socially, or both.

To the Editor of the NASSAU LIT.

WHEN, at the beginning of the first term, the new Constitution of the Princeton College Athletic Association was adopted, it was supposed by the management of the Association that there were enough men in college with sufficient public spirit to pay three dollars a year, the membership dues of the Association, to make the new departure a success. Such, unfortunately, has not proved to be the case. Out of some 500 under-graduates, but 63 have thus far joined the Association. When we consider the fact that of these 63 men, the greater part are personally interested in athletics, that is, that they are candidates for

the intercollegiate team, the financial prospect is far from encouraging. It seems to be the popular opinion in college that the Intercollegiate Cup can be won for the mere asking. The officers of the Athletic Association are roundly abused, when their efforts at Mott Haven do not meet with success. These same gentlemen who vituperate the athletic management, sit, meanwhile, with folded hands, doing nothing, helping in no way, either financially or by their own personal exertions, toward the success of the team. Moreover, they expect this success not only as a matter of course, but as a right to themselves individually, and feel deeply grieved if they do not get it. Before the adoption of the present constitution, training for track athletics was a most expensive proceeding for the under-graduate; it involved \$8 a week to the trainer, besides ruining clothes, and expenses to the intercollegiate games. Thanks to the generosity of some of our Alumni, the trainer's salary will this year only devolve in part upon the various organizations. Much, however, remains to be paid, for the management of the Athletic Association propose, for the merely nominal membership fee of \$3.00 a year, to train all members of the Association, to pay for the rubbing of the 'Varsity team, to pay its expenses to the intercollegiate field-meeting, and to uniform it. All this, however, requires money, and money we must have. Our prospects are of the brightest, our material is of the best; but if we are to win the championship we must have financial support. Let all, who are able, pay their \$3.00, not for the good of the Athletic Association, but for the honor of Princeton in track athletics. Let all who can, come out and try for the team. We do not want tried men alone, we want raw material as well. If the college will only support us as it ought, we may look for the greatest success next spring, and it will be no idle boast to say that the Intercollegiate Cup will return to Old Nassau, whence it has been so long absent.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Pres. P. C. A. A.

The English Lit. Optional Course.

THE announcement by Prof. Murray that he would this term conduct an optional course in English Literature, was gladly received. As there is, for this term, no elective course in this branch, the optional class will probably be largely attended, for there are many who regard their studies in this line, not only as the most pleasant, but also as highly practical.

The Dean, in kindly offering this course, has proposed to take up the study of a few of the Elizabethan dramatists, especially those of lesser note. Among these in particular, are Cyril Tourneur, Ben Jonson, John Ford, and Beaumont and Fletcher. Besides these, among modern poets, selections from the works of Robert Browning will be read.

The method of study will be perfectly informal, consisting for the most part of readings from these authors, together with general discussions on the topics of the evening's reading.

We heartily commend the choice of the less famous dramatists of the Elizabethan period as fit subjects for such a course. These were great dramatists, and deserve larger space among literary studies.

These writers, all living in an era by far the brightest in the history of English literature, have a true interest to all lovers of English poetry. Their scenes abound in varied images and flights of fancy; their illustrations are borrowed from the simpler occupations, especially rural life, but, nevertheless, express feelings of mankind.

The style of these old dramas is one of singular cast, yet one particularly pleasing. The diction is, for the most part, vigorous and beautiful, and worthy of the inspired age which produced it.

Perhaps the most striking peculiarity of these old writers is in their conduct of the dialogue. There is that absence

of studied and well-digested method which characterizes every scene on the later continental stage. On the English stage, however, the proceedings were by no means so regular, and here is shown the artist's skill. These discussions always appear to be casual and the argument quite artless and disorderly. In this they were the truer copiers of nature, and hence their dramas are those of real life.

True, the subjects are sometimes revolting to us, but they are managed with great spirit and considerable dignity.

Even while Shakespeare was alive the decay of the drama began, but it was almost imperceptible at first, since it began with "rare Ben Jonson." While Skakespeare's characters were those of universal human nature, Jonson delineates the human nature which he saw in his own particular age.

His dramas were skillful in plot and bore the impress of majestic art, generally rugged and robust, yet, in later years, of more tender and graceful workmanship.

Editorials.

THE LIT. prize for the best three short poems published up to January in the current volume of the LIT., has been awarded to Mr. George T. Berry, '87. To Prof. Raymond our thanks are due for kindly acting as critical judge.

CONTRIBUTORS competing for positions on the new LIT. Board, to be chosen in March, should bear in mind that but two more issues remain before appointments are made. It is necessary that every effort be put forward to secure the best possible productions, for quality will be the main standard of excellence.

Additions to the Library.

THE library bulletin recently issued gives the list of the new books that have been added to the College Library since the publication of the catalogue, almost two years ago. Doubtless many will be surprised that the additions have not been more numerous. The library appropriation fund, which never was a large amount, has not been increased for a number of years. Part of this fund has been appropriated for the periodicals and magazines which it is absolutely necessary the College should have. Most of these periodicals are philosophical and scientific pamphlets, in both French and German, and the subscription for them alone is a matter of considerable expense. Not until the Library fund is increased, or until the files of some of these pamphlets and periodicals are completed, will it be possible to make any great additions to the Library.

Poetry in this Number.

WE DESIRE to call attention to the fact that in this issue we have devoted more space than is customary to poetry. This has been done in the hope of bringing more prominently before the college than has yet been done the subject of college versification. As we have had occasion to remark so frequently, this department of literature does not receive its share of attention from the students. This is especially noticeable in the contributions we receive. It must be admitted that few who have never attempted versification have, we are almost led to say, the moral courage to compose a poem in the face of all the adverse criticism that they are sure to meet with. As one must put forth greater efforts in this department of composition, a failure attracts greater and more general attention than it would do had it been made in the department of prose. It is partially for this reason that we would advise some to try poetical translations of foreign authors. Such, for example, as Lessing and Heine. But there is another and more acceptable reason for this, and that is that it is one of the surest methods of cultivating a fluent and polished style as well as developing the true and appreciative poetical taste.

The New Princeton Review.

THE first issue of the new Princeton magazine ought to receive a hearty welcome from literary Princeton. It is by means of this organ that a long-felt need has been satisfied and an additional impetus will undoubtedly be given to every department of literature in college. Harvard derived somewhat similar advantages in the earlier days of publication of the *North American Review*, and the literary work

that was being done at Cambridge was brought more prominently before the public. The representation that Princeton has in the present issue of the magazine speaks well for future results, and the magazine will be an additional force added to those that are already being employed to awaken and maintain a new literary spirit in our midst. But the magazine has a wider sphere than this to fill. It most certainly is a departure from the old ideas which for so long have limited the sphere of the magazine in this country. Being neither a review nor a quarterly, it has no counterpart either in America or abroad. Princeton ought, then, to congratulate herself that, although accused of conservatism by some people, the magazine, which is the pioneer in an entirely new field, bears her name and is the result of her enterprising endeavor to meet a new demand in the intellectual world.

A Cynical Spirit.

WE HAVE had occasion to mark the advance made in literary criticism by the leading college periodicals. It is rather incongruous, to say the least, to call attention to the method of criticism the *Yale Lit.* has adopted in reviewing some of its contemporaries. We do not mean to question the literary standard of the *Lit.*, but its unprovoked and meaningless attacks on certain other college magazines are entirely uncalled for, and while they may serve to foster a cynical spirit, they certainly are positively detrimental to the principles of intercollegiate criticism and courtesy. We appreciate most fully the literary standard of this magazine, but at the same time we are led to believe that the editors of this magazine underrate their own abilities and lower the standard of the *Lit.*, when they lead outsiders to believe that they are "nothing if not critical." The references made

to "the outside press" are most certainly examples of criticism pure and simple; but, nevertheless, we fail to detect that fundamental principle of true criticism "a disinterested endeavor." What is the real purpose involved in these sudden onslaughts on the college press is not apparent, nor can we even imagine any sufficient reason for them. It may be that *home news* does not afford much food for reflection. Foot-ball, base-ball and rowing bring up sad memories of the past; so the *Lit.*, with the true end of a college periodical in view, "to be readable, *i. e.*, sensational," have endeavored to attain the desired end. The result is the one sought for, and we agree with the *Lit.* that the readers in other institutions of learning have become acquainted with "a good deal of truth," but unfortunately it is mingled with some fiction too preposterous to find a moment's credence.

We know our faults are many, and would invite criticism when given in a straightforward, candid way. But this method of criticism, while acquiring for those who write it the appellation of keen and sharp, never can bring with it the more preferable epithets of generous and courteous—indispensable requisites in the present state of college journalism.

An English Fellowship.

THE *Lit.* would not wish to criticise our English course any further, for we know that all is being done for it that can possibly be expected, and certainly we are, and ought to be, thankful for having such able instructors in this department. But, say what you will, we think that scarcely enough attention is given towards developing the highest amount of interest and zeal in the study of this—our mother tongue. President Eliot recently said, in Boston, that it was the hardest matter in the world to secure able instructors in our own language. Why is this? At first it

might seem that quite as many advantages were given the English student here as in any other department. Is this true? We find post-graduate courses in the Sciences, in the Classics and in Philosophy; but in English such things are unheard of. We have \$600 fellowships in Mental and Experimental Science, in the Greek and Latin and in Mathematics, while the only distinctively English prize in the course is the interest of \$2,000, given at the Senior year. You may say the Baird prizes are for English. True enough, but are they not more in the field of oratory and rhetoric, while genuine English scholarship is neglected?

What we would like to see is a judicious system of English prizes for Sophomore year—and, most of all, the establishment of a full English fellowship, that would keep the best students in that department at Princeton, and arouse general interest and close competition; for we know of nothing in which one ought to be prouder to excel than in his own language and its philological history, and we know of nothing which ought more to arouse the attention and purses of alumni and graduating classes than the fact that we have no full, active fellowship endowed for the English department.

Literary Criticism in College.

A CAREFUL review of the leading college literary magazines for the past year shows a marked increase in the tendency to devote more attention to literary criticism. There was a time when it was the exception not to find in almost every issue of the college periodicals an essay which did not have for its chief end the reiteration of the abstract rules and the definition of the province held by modern literary criticism. This was in many cases carried to the extreme, and a large number of productions were seriously marred by pedantry and abstract theorizing, which was

alike uninteresting and distasteful to the reader who had perseverance and energy sufficient to enable him to wade through an article of such a character. Doubtless the writer's intentions were often of the best, and we do not take exception on this ground; but to the majority of undergraduates the direct application of principles is always more acceptable than the process of mere abstraction. Likewise the benefits the writer derives from the selection of a theme falling more within the range of his capabilities are far greater in number, and of far more practical value to him than an almost frantic endeavor to explain something about which he knows very little.

Here it is that we have detected a radical change for the better, first, in a more careful selection of literary topics for criticism; secondly, a more satisfactory and certainly more direct method of treatment. To a careful observer it would appear as if this reform had become general throughout college journalism, and we cannot advocate its principles too earnestly. This advance is apparent in the general tenor of the articles in nearly all the leading magazines, and especially so in the book reviews. But even yet this province of criticism does not receive sufficient attention, and many a would-be essayist appears loath to take up some new and pertinent theme, and view it with his own eyes, and with what he sees, or thinks he sees, himself. The individual who writes on the abstract theories of criticism, or endeavors to dispute the field of criticism, is more apt to say what Matthew Arnold thinks about the subject than he is to state his own views. Or, on the other hand, he who selects for the subject of a critical review Keats or Wordsworth is more prone to follow Masson's or Lowell's treatment than he is to display any great originality of his own. Let such a one discuss, in as few words as possible, some present literary production, let it be his main endeavor to state his own judgments and estimates, and he will find that he will fall into a cogent way of thinking, and will also cultivate a pure and simple literary style.

Literary Gossip.

"No one ever regarded the first of January with indifference."—CHARLES LAMM.

"Come fill, my merry friends, to-night
And let the winds unheeded blow,
And we will drink the deep delight
Which true hearts only know;
And, ere the passing wine be done,
Come drink to those most fair and dear,
And I will pledge a cup to one
Who shall be nameless here."

—T. BUCHANAN READ.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all the readers of the Gossip! It is not so hard, after all, to get back to study after two weeks of pleasure and rest. When the first pang at parting with friends for another term, or perhaps even for a longer period, is over, there is a feeling of satisfaction, not to say pleasure, at getting back to the old haunts. The old room, with its warm, cheerful fire—thanks to the kind consideration of those in authority—and with its adornments, however plain, its cozy chairs, its familiar faces upon the mantel, and books on the shelf, never seem to welcome us more heartily. A desolate, lonesome feeling seems to pervade it at first, the desolation and *abandon* of the recent examinations still linger about it. Evidences of the desperate struggle which lasted until deep into the morn of the "memorable day" when it closed, lie scattered about like they appeared in the camp of the Greeks outside of Troy—

"Hic Dolopum manus, hic saevus, tendebat Achilles."

But when the well-known voices begin to ring through the hall, and the familiar rap is heard at the door, then the heart beats a quick response, and pulsates with new vigor; the fire glows in the grate as if its heat had never been quenched at all; the links in the chain are welded, and we awake from our reverie to find the world moving on just as if there had been no holidays.

But the vacation has not been a dream, and the bugle call to arms again is a reality. The maneuvering and generalship displayed in eluding the enemy last term must now give way to open fight. Dr. Calderwood and his clan confront us, and refuse to be baffled any longer. When will we learn to do the work of the term during the term! What an infinite amount of trouble it would save if the custom of postponing examinations were dispensed with. The principle seems to be, however, "to make the present easy, and to let the future take care of itself," or

rather to hope that "something will turn up" in the future, and the task be made lighter. How characteristic this principle is of fellows in college! But when the future comes it does not bring with it any of that hoped-for good fortune, nor does it find one any better prepared or any more in the humor for the work. It is true that there are sometimes just reasons for having an examination postponed. There is such a thing as over-work in college. The Seniors last term had more than they could well carry, and the outlook for the present term is not much brighter. It is a question whether, in their effort to combine the required and elective courses, the faculty have not imposed too much. The required studies of the Senior year are of themselves sufficient almost to occupy the time of the average student, thus leaving but scant time for outside work upon electives. Besides, the Senior year, above all others, is the one in which outside work claims most attention. There are the optional courses which students take because they are interested in those subjects; there are the literary work, also, of various kinds, and the work in the halls and general reading. Thus the curriculum becomes either a grind, or else one is forced to give up some or all of his plans for outside work, or, as a third possibility, he is led to slight all his work.

Speaking of general reading suggested the thought to my mind whether the majority of students accomplish their ideal in the way of general reading in college. Every one comes to college with some preconceived idea of the work which he intends to accomplish in this line. I have frequently heard the remark, "I intended to do a great deal of reading when I came here, but haven't done any scarcely." A thousand different causes are suggested in excuse, ranging all the way from press of college work down to mere neglect of opportunities. And among those students whose course is most nearly completed, the lament of lost opportunities in this respect is most bitter. Nor do these remarks come chiefly from the less studious class of men, but more frequently from those of high standing in the different classes. Such remarks coming from men of high standing have led to the inquiry whether, on the whole, it is better and wiser for a student to follow closely the class-room work or to devote a fair proportion of his time to reading and to general culture. It opens up the whole question of class standing *vs.* special work. From close observation it is doubtful, however, if many, whether they come with the avowed object of doing a great amount of reading, or whether they stand high or low in the class, make the most of their opportunities for reading in college. This is a pretty serious question for college men to consider. Such favorable opportunities for forming the acquaintance of books, and through them the authors, will offer itself to but few after they leave the college walls. Even should they have a portion of time apart from professional work for reading, the atmosphere would scarcely be as congenial. A college graduate who

goes out from his *alma mater* without a taste for books and without some knowledge of literature is a failure. He has missed the whole aim of his career, if his *alma mater* has failed to awaken in him an appreciation of the refining influences which flow from these. It matters not how high up on the roll of honor he may have stood, if that which charms the educated and cultured mind has no delight for him, his experience in college has been in vain.

What a queer old world this is, anyway, in which we live, where extremes are so near together, success and its opposite, happiness and disappointment, and where some shadows fall upon every pleasure! It is so pretty much all the way through life; there is continually something to render one dissatisfied with himself, even on the happiest occasions, and to leave regret behind. But the college student is more apt to see the world in this unfavorable light than any other individual, hence, so much pessimism and cynicism among college men. He comes to college with high-flown ideas to begin with; inflated with the magnitude of his own capabilities, of the area which he covers and of the possibilities in store for him. Slowly and by degrees the hard, rough experience which he meets with strips him of these impressions and leaves him a wiser, if not a better man. But he is crushed and in despair. He rushes to the other extreme. Feeling that he has been mistaken, he despairs of ever achieving success, and is tempted to give up all effort. Bitterly he curses those friends—his admirers in the little realm where he lorded it to his heart's content—whose flattery has led him to expect overmuch. But defeats and surprises meet the student at every point. Only he who has trod the wine-press of a college course can appreciate the many disappointments and annoyances which the student experiences. To the world outside, life at college seems like an enchantment and seems to be surrounded by a halo of pleasure; to the student, it seems to be a hard life, and the way appears a rough and thorny one. Like some other things, distance lends to it a radiance which in actual experience it does not wear.

But the gossip has talked enough for one evening. If his talk has seemed to be light and to little point, why, just remember that much is not expected of a gossip, and far less of a college gossip. For are not all collegians, from their very nature, frivolous; and are they not, by profession, grumblers? Deprive us of this privilege, and our recreation is gone. Life here would lose its greatest and subtlest charm. Then, reader, remember that the gossip but catches up the whisper of the campus and the class-room and tells you them as they sounded to him. They are meant to be received with caution, but if, perchance, there should be a grain of truth or a thought worthy of attention among them, he will be content to be credited with the same.

Editor's Table.

ARE the holidays really over? Have the happy hours flown out of sight, if not out of mind? As to the last, opinions differ widely. To some men a few months in college are worth, in spite of grading and grinding, years of after-life, and they feel this before the day of graduation, and live up to it. To others these short periods mean nothing beyond forced submission to rules and regulations; irksome duties and acquaintances used to fill up the gape of time. On chronic dissatisfaction we will not waste chronic counsel, but turn away in pity from it to the possibilities of the new year, in kindling new friendships, in strengthening lukewarm ones, in welding closer, if possible, old and tried ones; in stirring up the laggard in class and college feeling, so that on the roll-call day, at the year's end, each class may walk past a figurative judge's stand with even ranks, one in feeling and friendship as in step. And in a wider, though more specific sense, some of us feel that though the years may come and the years may go, and editors may come and go with them, yet every year sees the foundations of college journalism more strongly laid and the growth of intercollegiate journalistic comity and good-will less marred by the jangling and discordant tones of loud-voiced or sneering or self-assertant organs. But the Knights of the Pen, busy at the Round Table of editorial effort, see it, under the touch of an auspicious Merlin, enlarging more and more to take in the widening circle of colleagues. And thinking of this close companionship at home and abroad, and as we look out and see the snow falling, transfiguring nature, making the rough places smooth and bringing hush to outer and inner life, so the shadow of parting deepens, and we think only of the joys and not of the jars, only of the delight and not of the drudgery, of editorial work. And we know all have the same feeling.

Well, we have had our little say, possible, especially as so many of our exchanges are—what? Late or recovering from vacation, or undergoing repairs or something else. There is the *College Mercury* (C. C. N. Y.), with its tasteful new blue cover, which might be beautiful were it not defaced by advertisements in front. Why not print an outside table of contents instead?

Besides some pretty little poems, the *Dartmouth* puts forth several wails; on heat and cold in recitation-rooms, on a lecture course, (we are glad to see our men are not the only backward ones in coming forward), and, owing to extravagant prices, the need of a co-operative association. We should be thankful that nearness to the great cities prevents such a state of things here and furnishes opportunities for flying trips of replenishment.

From the other extreme we have first the *Southern Collegian*, which furnishes as its opening article, an interesting and discriminating essay on "Anglo-Saxon Poetry—Judith and Beswulf." The muse of the present day seems to have very clipped wings, however, save in one instance, or, rather, hovers about in borrowed plumage, religiously credited to this and that one. We copy from one of the editorials a stirring appeal on behalf of base-ball: "In foot-ball and field athletic sports we already stand high, having beaten the Princeton and University of Pa. record in several particulars." Dear brother, may we ask for further particulars?

The *University Magazine*, good as always, has, *per contra*, some remarkably good native poetry, and its usual quota of readable essays and sketches.

We turn from these friends to the masters of us all. In particular, the *New Princeton Review* invites a most particular investigation. Its name is a recommendation to us, as we hope it will be to the outside public. At the same time it should be distinctly understood that the name does not of itself imply what might be termed "sectarianism" or "localizing" in literature. We say this to our exchanges because of the misconceptions so liable to arise. On the contrary, though we are proud to own it, and its motive power is of Princeton origin, the *Review* is, if its scheme is to be followed, of which there is no doubt, *sui generis*, and by its universality of thought and breadth of treatment will appeal to every one, irrespective of mere favor or prejudice excited by its title, as an organ of the highest culture in all departments of intellectual activity. This opening number, already so widely and ably criticised, sustains a promised versatility, without overdoing it by covering too wide an extent. Rather is it admirably proportioned. Charles Dudley Warner's "Society in the New South," with McMaster's "A Free Press in the Middle Colonies," are the historical essays, which treat, the one of the present social status of southern society viewed as facts and not as a basis for philosophic deductions, the other of a chapter in the interesting secondary and antiquarian history of a country which runs in parallel lines with, and is often one of, the chief causes of primary, that is, more public and notable history. Dr. McCosh writes clearly and carefully, in "What an American Philosophy Should Be," of America's philosophic progress and position, and her need of a new school which, while a "thorough-going realism," will be its foundation, will yet profit by the errors of others, and assimilate to its own use the good points of other systems. Dr. McCosh speaks *ex cathedra* on such a theme. "The Christian Conception of Property," by Dr. Parkhurst, recognizing the dangers threatening us in "Communism," lays the foundation of equipoise between capital and labor, rich and poor in a state, in mutual tolerance, and an altruistic universalistic utilitarianism whose true basis is found in Christianity alone. In science, we have Prof. Young's "Lunar Problems Now Under Debate," treating in an attractive manner of various ques-

tions in connection with this theme, which are discussed clearly and in the light of latest developments. An anonymous author, in "The Political Situation," reviews present politics, and calls for a new party to rise, phoenix-like, from the remains of the others. The charming "Monsieur Motte," with its Creole flavor, suggesting if not betraying its author, is a fitting counterpoise to the more didactic portions. Vivid, pathetic, sweet, and withal satisfactory, it forms a novelette of much power. The criticisms, notes and reviews are comprehensive, and, reaching over a wide range, are striking and timely.

The *Atlantic* has, of special interest, the beginning of Craddock's new serial, "In the Clouds," which opens with all the vigor of that now well-known writer's pen. It goes more quickly into the story, and we have some stirring scenes and superstitions at the very start. "The Princess Casamissima" deepens in interest. After a long silence, Aldrich gives us a charming little story, "Two Bites of a Cherry." "The Free Negroes of North Carolina," and "Political Consequences in England of Cornwallis's Surrender at Yorktown," form the *pièces de résistance*.

Lippincott's comes out in all the beauty of new dress and type. We cannot sufficiently commend the abolition of parallel columns and the evident generosity as regards space. "Taken by Siege" begins in a style suggestive of Brander Matthews (though we do not feel called on to give our interpretation by the rage for guessing at every anonymous production.) W. E. Norris also contributes the first installment of "A Bachelor's Blunder." "Our Monthly Gossip" is exceedingly interesting, the argument "Can College Graduates Succeed in Business?" being answered, and with strength, in the negative. We can only hope for a change of prejudice.

The Brooklyn Magazine, of comparatively recent growth, furnishes a varied and interesting table of contents, among which are found discussions of "New York—Brooklyn Annexation," "New York as a Literary Centre," "Dickens' Last Work," "Boston's Literary Prestige," and other topics of a literary and practical character.

Outing has its usual wealth of articles concerning sports of all kinds. "Thoughts on Archery," "Around the World on a Bicycle," and "The Cruise of the Philoon," are titles which explain themselves. "The Heart Story of Miss Jack" is very well written. In spite of its accustomed accuracy, "Our Monthly Record" gives as score of game of October 31st, Pennsylvania and Princeton, "former won, 80 to 10," which numbers should, of course, be reversed in position.

The Century needs no word of praise. The richly illustrated description of Teheran continues. There are articles on Birds, on Dogs, on "A French Painter and his Pupils," another essay of Dr. Waldstein, descriptions of "Some European Republicans," "Verdi," and two pretty stories, one of black, the other of white Southern life; the first droll, the last very sad.

Books.

ALONG ALASKA'S GREAT RIVER. By Frederick Schwatka. (New York; Cassell & Co. Limited.)

It is much to be regretted by each generation that the economic croakers of the preceding one cannot see their short-sightedness, dictated though it may be by the purity of motives. Especially has this been the case in the matter of the extension of our territory. The student of our history need refer, in proof, but to the specific instances of opposition to the Louisiana purchase, to the Western progress of our civilization, under John Quincy Adams, and most recently to the Alaska purchase. The adverse argument may be valid in an extra-mural case, so to speak, such as the talk of Cuban annexation. But where land would naturally be directly in the line of further advance, and obtainable with little expense and no conflict, the refusal of it would constitute a grave mistake, to be expiated at the cost of later times. We got Alaska, and got it abominably cheap. For years it has lain practically useless. The spirit of blind prejudice and official ignorance exists yet, and so cramped the plans of Lieut. Schwatka and his party that they left stealthily on their great geographical expedition, whose value the government has at last recognized. This party of six from the army and one citizen may justly claim the praise given to old explorers. In face of discouraging reports and unknown places and hardships, they pushed on to the head of the great Yukon, and on a frail raft successfully performed a journey, not merely the longest of its kind on record, but fraught with the greatest scientific and practical value, demonstrating the navigability and size of this up to this time unexplored river and region. The author has written a "popular" work, that is, removed from the scientific, and describes in an easy, flowing style the country, the customs, the inhabitants and the general outlines, topographical and otherwise. A quiet and appreciative humor adds to the narrative, which, printed in fine type on good paper, is embellished with a very large number of illustrations, having many of them the photographic look, which brings out vividly the lines of the landscape. A handsome cover and gilt tops make a fine volume, among whose appendices we notice one compiled by Prof. Libbey, on the comparisons of the largest rivers of the world.

THE INDUSTRIAL SITUATION AND THE QUESTION OF WAGES. By T. Schöenhofer. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

To the timely and comprehensive Questions of the Day Series of this firm we have added this latest work, by an author well versed in the arguments of Political Economy, and who discusses in an admirably clear manner the facts connected, for example, with "Our Industrial

Situation," in all the departments of Cotton Goods, Woolens, Silks, Iron, etc., and such themes as "The Wages Question," and "Some Economic Truths Disproven by Facts," together with others of like nature. In short, the work discusses production and distribution with their mutual dependence and independence.

ON BOTH SIDES. By Frances Courtenay Baylor. (Philadelphia: T. B. Lippincott Company.)

One of the latest developments of the novel is the genus trans-Atlantic. Under the guise of fiction, the English "size" and criticize us, and we return the compliment increased ten-fold by our proverbial American generosity. Or, rather, we began and they followed our lead. In this case the story, rather a meagre one in plot or incidents, is made the vehicle for what is decidedly one of the, if not the brightest bits of open, yet not objectionable satires, that has appeared. "The Perfect Treasure" gives the American family in England, where they meet and make friends who reappear "On this Side" as their guests. The types are well pictured, the cultured semi-scholarly gentleman, the young swell, the ladies, either gentle and refined or in whom the coarse and brutally English strain appears, as well as their amazement and admiration, tempered with surprise for both their genial Western host and American usages and their adapting themselves to the latter. Nor does the book err by a national self-laudatory spirit which strives to set off and shine in its own character by contrast. This is kept in the background, though some customs are pungently, while good humorously, attacked. But the wit and keen satire is directed where more needed. We are tired of being shown into which each ruby-nosed Englishmen may stare with impudence and impunity. And though willing to pay our "produce" to peripatetic poets, preachers or philosophers, we want our choice; and prefer those weaned from a narrow-minded prejudice and without a cast in their eye, which prevents their seeing straight. To such as these, this book is commended as calculated to clear their intellectual cataract. It is commended to all who can realize a good joke on themselves, in this case a practical joke. And to all others, by its general clearness, truthful portraiture, amusing incidents, and keenly satiric vein, it commends itself.

A HAND-BOOK OF WHIST AND READY REFERENCE MANUAL OF THE MODERN SCIENTIFIC GAME. By "Major Terrace." (New York: G. B. Putnam's Sons.)

As it professes to be, this little work is a compilation from larger sources of the rules of whist. The author advances no new theories, and claims originality only for the design of the compend, which sums up, in short compass, the best rules of the game, and appeals to the judgment rather than the memory; and is more for the player who has already mastered the elemental intricacies of the game. It is, in other words, the Poole of Pole and his fellow-guides.

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